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and **BYSTANDER**

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The Crown Prince and Princess of Norway in London

The Crown Princess Martha, upon whom King Haakon has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Olav for her services to the Norwegian cause in the United States, recently flew over to this country from America in order to be present at the seventieth birthday celebrations of the King of Norway. Princess Martha of Sweden, daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Västergötland, married the Crown Prince Olav in 1929. They have three children, Prince Harald (five), Princess Ragnhild (twelve) and Princess Astrid (ten), all of whom have been living in America since the invasion of Norway over two years ago. Prince Olav is an extremely popular figure in this country. He is his father's constant companion—a strong bond of sympathy exists between the King and his only son—and a very energetic worker in any cause which may hasten the restoration of freedom and independence in his country



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Plain Speaking

I MET an American the other day, a man who has travelled Europe and worked in Britain. He has spent the last nine months in Washington, and he thinks that the British are too polite to everybody but particularly to America and the Americans. This was no sudden generalisation. It was a deeply held conviction. This man believes that Britain and the British have done more for civilisation than any other country and race. But he's deeply concerned that we don't speak more plainly and let the Americans know our mind. This is a criticism as much of the Prime Minister and the Government as a whole as it is of ordinary people. My American friend believes that there would be no room for any differences of opinion between the two countries if only British Government spokesmen and British newspapers would be frank and sometimes brutally outspoken as he believes our war record entitles us to be. Frankness leads to wholesomeness. Wholesomeness leads to strength. "Look at Pearl Harbour! There was not a word of criticism from the British or from their newspapers; and weren't we Americans wide open to criticism. What a failure! But you British let it by. What would have happened if the case had been the reverse; if the British had been caught napping? Remember Singapore! We Americans owe you a lot. I may be one of a very few but I think that we are suffering by your politeness." After deep thought this American was truly convinced that fundamentally there were no differences between the ordinary people of America and the ordinary people of Britain. The politicians

might create differences by the very nature of their profession, but he was sure that fifty factory hands from Detroit would have no difficulty in establishing contact with fifty workers from Sheffield. His last words to me were almost appealing. He asserted that the British have done wonders in this war and that they have no occasion to kowtow to America. The British have proved that they were not decadent, or bereft of vision and initiative. Thank you, Uncle Sam.

Moscow Mission

THE above conversation came back to me with added force when I read Mr. Churchill's telegram to Premier Stalin in which he seemed to apologise for having spoken frankly, or expressed himself outspokenly, or given expression to his thoughts. You can have which version you like of this extraordinary telegram, but clearly Mr. Churchill felt it necessary to explain (or apologise) for saying something. I am sure that Stalin would understand. What is there to hide from Stalin, who is credited with knowing more about the internal affairs of the countries he has never visited than any other statesman? What is there to hide from President Roosevelt who has proved a tower of strength to all those who wish to maintain the democratic system? And what is there to hide from Hitler who knows wrong on so many things? The Germans said the Prime Minister was in Moscow. This is a remarkable thing. How should the Germans get to know? We have been inclined to be self-satisfied about the lack of well-organised German intelligence from this country. But here is a

startling fact. For the Prime Minister is a most careful person. He's had too much experience of conducting war against the Germans. He does not believe in too many people knowing State secrets; and in this war he has been super-secretive about his personal movements. There may be a simple explanation. Let us hope this is so. At the same time, let us heed the warning.

Personal Contact

IN Moscow Mr. Churchill was able to make a most important personal contact. If some of the most reliable correspondents in Moscow are only fifty per cent accurate in their assessment of the reactions of the Russians to Mr. Churchill, he has done a good job. For a man of sixty-seven, a man who has worked hard all his life and now carries such vast responsibilities to fly ten thousand miles is no mean physical feat. It is a great tribute to the people of Russia. Mr. Churchill needn't have flown to Russia. He could have remained in London and relied on his last talk with M. Molotov, and the normal diplomatic channels to maintain contact. But this is not Mr. Churchill's way. He has a passion for seeing people and things for himself. If he spoke frankly to Stalin—as I am told he did in the first few hours, and received equally frank retorts from Stalin—it is all to the good. The journey was worth while. There are far too many illusions existing about the conduct of the war, and the means by which it can be brought to a speedy conclusion. Mr. Churchill has few of these illusions. For instance, I should sum up his attitude to the Second Front in this way. First the object of an invading force in Europe is to damage the Germans, secondly to damage the Germans so effectively that valuable help is thereby given to the Russians, and thirdly to ensure that the invading forces are not themselves severely and seriously damaged so that their efforts cease to be effective. This is a simple military maxim. Stalin would appreciate it as much as anybody. It falls into line with the Russian tactics of refusing to keep contact with an overwhelming enemy force. Few can know what really happened in Moscow. Those who have studied all the reports which have emanated from the Russian capital, and other capitals commenting on the momentous meeting, are puzzled. Most of them assume, however, that if anything the reports indicate that there will be no Second Front in Europe this year. This would not surprise me. But it would be wrong to assume that the discussions in Moscow mean this. Neither Mr. Churchill nor M. Stalin are going to give Hitler the least opportunity, if they can help it, to glean the slightest information from their report. So we must leave it at that for the time being.

Old Friends

I WOULD have liked to have witnessed the first meeting between Mr. Churchill and General Smuts. I would have liked to have seen them shake hands. They are old friends. Mr. Churchill more than most politicians has the quality of making enduring friendships. He is sentimental, emotional. His friendship for General Smuts goes back to the Boer War. It was cemented afresh in the last war when General Smuts sat in the War Cabinet in London. It has been renewed in this war. They are both warriors. They love poring over plans and talking strategy. Distance has not prevented them exchanging their views in this war. I am told that Mr. Churchill has frequently consulted General Smuts by cable. Mr. Churchill's journey to Cairo was an opportunity for a meeting which neither could allow to go by. They both jumped at the chance. I would rank their discussions almost as highly as those Mr. Churchill had with M. Stalin. Sitting back in Capetown General Smuts can



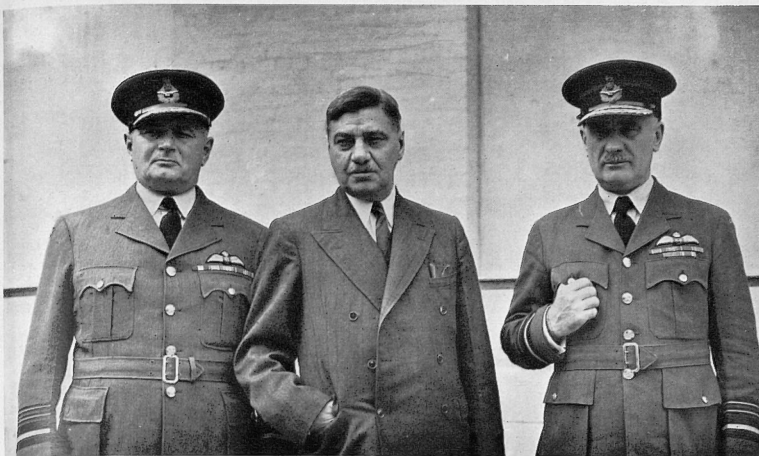
On a Special Mission

Brigadier-General James Doolittle, the famous American airman, is here on a secret mission. He was the leader of the American bombing raid on Tokyo last April, for which he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour, equivalent to the British V.C.



To Meet the Press

Air Marshal R. H. Peck, Assistant Chief of the Air Staff, and Major-General Spaatz, Commander of the U.S. Air Force in Europe, met the world's Press representatives together. General Spaatz commanded the largest American air training school in France in the last war, and was here as official observer during the Battle of Britain



Canadian Air Chiefs on a Visit to Britain

Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, Canadian Chief of Air Staff, Major C. G. Power, Canadian Air Minister, and Air Marshal Harold Edwards arrived recently in England, after crossing the Atlantic by bomber. Major Power, who is of Irish origin, has been prominent in Canadian politics for ten years, where his constituency is almost entirely French Canadian. Air Marshal Breadner flew in the last war with the R.N.A.S.

see a lot. He has a big mind, and the added advantage from our point of view of knowing the capacity and endurance of the British people by personal contact. So Mr. Churchill could talk to him easily and frankly, and receive renewed inspiration from an old friend. *Happy meeting!*

Moss Changes

I may be wrong, but the further military changes in the Middle East Command are not likely to pass without public comment. It would not surprise me if the politicians do not press the Prime Minister to say why he removed General Wavell in the first instance. He was

a lucky general, and, above all, he had the trust of his troops. Why? The point has never been cleared up satisfactorily, and many people think that not a few of our problems in the desert have flowed from this change. Obviously there was a reason, but it is equally true that reasons for military decisions must mostly be secret. Was there a military reason for General Wavell's removal? In the last few weeks General Wavell's name has been on many lips, not only in these isles and in Australia, but mostly in Cairo and the Desert. So when he turned up in Moscow for the Kremlin talks his name quickly found the headlines. People rightly or wrongly still regard him as one of

our lucky generals. Napoleon is supposed to have laid great store by a general's luck. So did the Romans before Napoleon. I believe it was Cicero who, in recommending the qualities of a military commander to the Senate, finished with the observation that in addition to all these "he is favoured by the gods."

Ill-starred But High-minded

*F*ROM this distance General Auchinleck's chances of defeating Rommel looked so good. I know one member of the Government who was so convinced that he would rout Rommel that he talked prematurely of Auchinleck getting his field marshal's baton. Such is the danger of counting your chickens before they are hatched, or imagining that Rommel can be rounded up by anything but the fastest and best-equipped tanks.

It may be that General Auchinleck had not fully digested this principle of modern war. He was a soldier of India; and we know how backward in mechanisation the Indian Army has been. But General Auchinleck has a quality which commands great respect. At a vital point in the battle he had no hesitation in removing General Ritchie from the command of the Eighth Army and assuming personal responsibility himself. At the fall of Tobruk General Auchinleck did something greater. He took on himself all the responsibility for the set-back and immediately telegraphed his resignation. It was not accepted at that time, but it does show how easy it was for General Auchinleck to be photographed sitting at the Prime Minister's side in Egypt after his place as Middle East Commander had been assumed by General Alexander. If rumour is true, General Auchinleck himself nominated General Alexander as his successor. It would not surprise me also if he had not recommended the late Lieutenant-General Gott as Commander of the Eighth Army. It is generally understood that General Gott was to have had an important promotion when death overtook him. Some generals are lucky. But how unlucky are the British Army and people to have lost such a gallant soldier.



The Prime Minister in the Desert and in Cairo Wearing the Very Latest Headgear

During his tour of the Middle East Mr. Winston Churchill visited the El Alamein area, meeting the brigade and divisional commanders, and inspected a gun site and personnel of Australian and South African divisions. Above, General W. H. Ramsden greets him as he alights from his car in the desert. General Ramsden was given command of the 50th Division in 1940, and went to the Middle East early last year



Little Victor Lampson, son of Sir Miles and Lady Lampson, looked very serious during his conversation with the Prime Minister. They were posing for Field Marshal Smuts's movie camera in the gardens of the British Embassy in Cairo. Sir Miles Lampson has been British Ambassador to Egypt since 1936. Mr. Churchill, wearing his now world-famous siren suit, added a picturesque hat for the occasion

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

More About "Bambi"

By James Agate

As promised last week I shall write some more about Mr. Disney's *Bambi*. In that article I said that after a long period, during which Disney had been one of my pronounced blind spots, this film had converted me again. But I must qualify this by stating with some emphasis that while three-fourths of the film brought all my old admiration back, the remainder produced in me more than a little of the old nausea.

WHY must this so inventive and imaginative artist always spoil his pictures with the irrelevant introduction of so-called love interest? This is unavoidable in films dealing with human beings: but who wants love interest in the animal world? The animals don't, except in so far as Nature insists that they shall. And Nature's view of the business, dear, nice-minded readers of THE TATLER, is highly unsentimental. These flirtations, these arch advances and retreats among birds and beasts are as ludicrous as they are inane. To anybody with any knowledge of farming, the stallion travelling the country roads and serving his quantum of mares as unemotionally as the postman delivers his letters is a spectacle of greater decency than this preposterous peek-a-booing.

AGAIN, Disney cannot cure himself of giving some of the animals faces like silly little chorus girls in a Broadway revue. The explanation is easy. Disney was a country lad born with the countryman's eye for animals. Now you can deceive your man-about-town in the matter of womankind; the mannequin who passes for an actress, and the actress who passes for a lady. But you cannot take in your countryman brought up among horses. He knows when an animal has quality and how much. When Disney drew the white mare in *Fantasia* he showed himself to possess the eye of a judge at a horse show; no animal so

exquisite was ever seen at Olympia, or in any other ring.

THEN the time came when Disney left his countryside, went to Hollywood and proceeded to model his notion of womankind on Hollywood's ideas on the subject. That is why the centaurs in *Fantasia* are like Hollywood's views of American college boys, and their sweethearts like the usherettes in Hollywood's cinemas. Snow White is a cheap little doll because her creator has never met anything better to copy from. And perhaps human faces don't interest him over much. After all those years of Hollywood studios one wouldn't wonder at it.

NOTHING succeeding like success, I suppose we are now in for a spate of plays and films about the war. In the theatre we have had in quick succession *Lifeline* at the Duchess, *Flare Path* at the Apollo, and *Escort* at the Lyric. In the films *Mrs. Miniver* got off the mark first and won by a short head. This is followed by *Salute John Citizen* (Carlton) which is about a family called Bunting. And I have no doubt that presently we shall have a film showing the effect of air raids on the Tuggs's at Ramsgate. I have no doubt that this brilliant allusion is entirely lost on our younger generation, which has read nothing, heard nothing and seen nothing. So if, young reader, you have no idea who the Tuggs's were, I am sorry for you but I shall not enlighten you. You can jolly well find out for your superior, highbrow self.

IT is amazing how quickly the news goes round that a film is boring. When I telephoned the Carlton Theatre the other evening the always charming manager said he might be able to find me a seat. Actually there were four other people in the grand circle, and some four dozen scattered about the

rest of the house. I sat through the film, becoming less and less interested with every foot of it. I do not think there is anything in the view that *Mrs. Miniver*, coming first, had absorbed all the interest in the subject. I believe that if *Mrs. M.* had come later it would still have been a stupendous success if only for the reason that it contains that very clever actress, Greer Garson, and that handsome piece of film furniture, Walter Pidgeon.

NOT to beat about the bush, *Salute John Citizen* is insufficiently cast and inefficiently acted. John Bunting himself is played by Edward Rigby. Now Rigby is an extraordinarily effective actor provided the part is not a major one. If I wanted to cast some mining family's chief breadwinner killed halfway through the film by a ton of coal, I should unhesitatingly choose this excellent player. But a player may be excellent and yet lack variety, and Rigby's range is small. One just got tired of him the other evening, and that was that.

There were two other pieces of acting which, to put it mildly, were ill-considered and ill-advised. One was by Stanley Holloway, who appeared to be not so much John Citizen's next door neighbour as a revue actor rehearsing his part in the garden next door. The other was by my old friend, George Robey. Quite incredibly, somebody—I know not who—had arranged that George, for no avowed reason and in the part of a co-employee at John Citizen's ironmongery store, should speak nothing throughout except Shakespeare, genuine and garbled. The result was a dismalness not to be imagined. I have enormous respect for whatever it was that kept George from walking out on the film at its first day of screening.

As for the young people they were just negligible. To sum up, it is no use trying to write a play about dull domestic English life unless the actors in it have the power to rise about dull domesticity. If *Salute John Citizen* had been produced in Hollywood it would doubtless have been called *Andy Hardy Faces the Music*. But even Hollywood couldn't produce an Andy Hardy film without a Mickey Rooney. And all the talent on view at the Carlton the other evening did not, in my opinion, amount to that contained in Mickey Rooney's little finger.



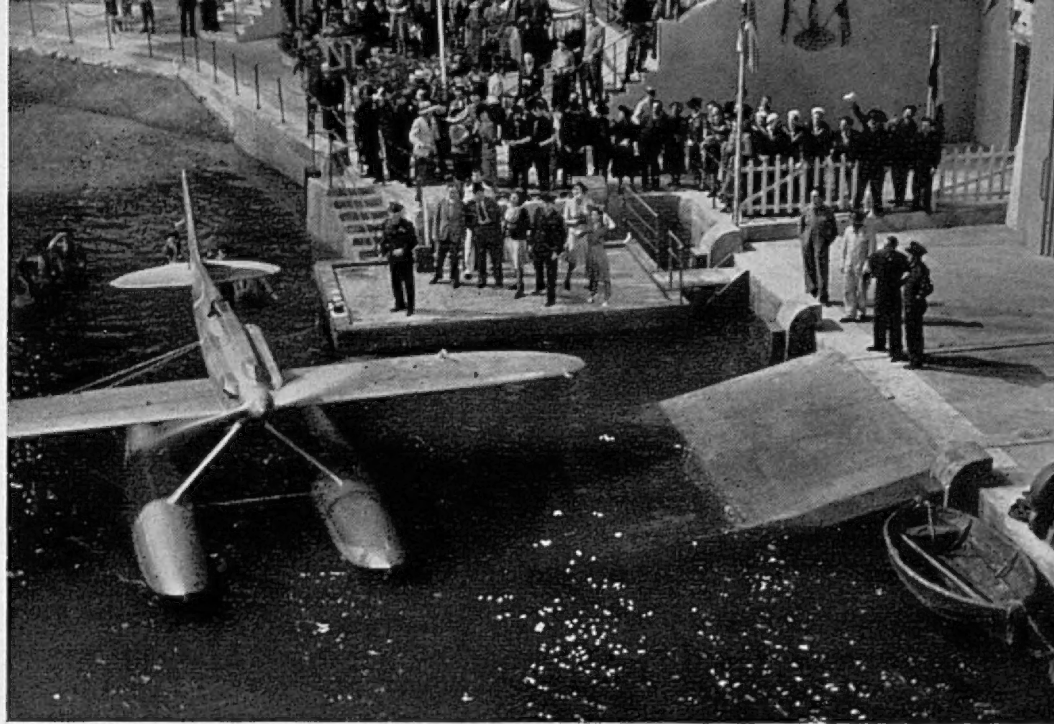
Another Fifth Columnist Thriller in "All Through The Night," at Warners Theatre.

Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt and Kaaren Verne are co-starred in an exciting drama of American gangsters and fifth columnists directed by Vincent Sherman. Humphrey Bogart as Gloves, an ex-gangster turned gambler, is instrumental in outwitting and unmasking an extensive fifth columnist gang, of which Conrad Veidt as Ebbing, an auctioneer, is leader. True to form the hero only succeeds in winning through after a terrific man-to-man battle of wits. With a speedboat loaded with dynamite far out at sea, the hero and the villain fight it out to the death. (Above, left) Ebbing is seen giving instructions to two of his gang, Pepi, and Leda (Conrad Veidt, Peter Lorre, Kaaren Verne). (Right) Gloves discovers the body of Pepi shot by his master for disobeying orders (Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre)

"The First of the Few"

Leslie Howard as R. J. Mitchell in the Life Story of the Designer of the Spitfire

Twenty years ago a young aircraft designer, R. J. Mitchell, sat on a cliff-top watching the action of a gliding gull. From dreams that day grew the prototype of the Spitfire, the fastest and most formidable fighter in the world. It is as a tribute to the man whose vision conceived the Spitfire that *The First of the Few* has been made at Denham by Leslie Howard who, besides producing and directing, takes the part of R. J. Mitchell in the film. David Niven, as Crisp, is a composite character, representing several of the well-known test pilots who put the products of Mitchell's brain to test in the air. For the purpose of the film, the full co-operation of the Air Ministry and Fighter Command has been given and many of Mitchell's original sketches and plans lent by Vickers-Armstrong.



With three successive wins in 1927, 1929 and 1931, the Mitchell-designed Supermarine S.6 wins the Schneider Trophy outright for Great Britain. It is a great triumph for Mitchell



Geoffrey Crisp, an unemployed ex-R.A.F. officer, becomes Mitchell's test pilot. At first there is nothing but disappointment and failure for the two young men. Only their mutual faith in the stream-lined aeroplane of the future keeps them going. (David Niven, with Anne Firth as Miss Harper, Mitchell's secretary)



Difficulties are not over, however. Mitchell's plans for a stream-lined aeroplane are turned down by his directors who cling to the old idea of amphibian biplanes and regard his idea as impossible. Miss Harper and Crisp share in his disappointment



Technical prejudice and a limited budget have seriously restricted Mitchell's work. With success in sight, the greatest blow of all falls. Mitchell is taken ill, he is suffering from an incurable malady. (Leslie Howard with Rosamund John as Diana Mitchell, his wife)



On a short holiday in Germany with his wife and Crisp, Mitchell discovers that German Glider Clubs merely cover a development of the German Air Force in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. From this moment, he works unceasingly to give Britain the fastest and most formidable fighter in the world

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Wild Rose (Princes)

THIS fond old musical play, first seen, heard, and whistled in London in 1921, under the name of *Sally*, was even then something of a pastiche. Its action passes in New York in the early 1900's. So now we get, as it were, a double throw-back in manners and melody. It belongs to the gentler vaudeville school. The composer, Jerome Kern, links on to the pre-jazz past; and his score, while pleasantly seasoned with syncopation, has little frenzy, but a timeless lilt. The libretto, here revised by Frank Eyton and Richard Hearn, has not lost its innocence, but is impulsively romantic, obligingly discursive, and disarmingly silly.

Sally is still called Sally, but no one could, or would wish to, mistake her for any one but Miss Jessie Matthews. She has the quick graces and gaminerie that give this star her popularity and her charm. Miss Matthews does not affect to be a great actress. Like Sally herself she would probably defy the idea. But she knows her job, and all that she does is workmanlike. The footlights are no barrier between her and the audience. Her natural gaiety finds natural expression in her dancing, and her sense of fun is London's.

IN such fairy tales as these, the course of true love never does run smooth. A little plot has to go a long way, while keeping clear of the incidental traffic. In acknowledging their inspirational debt to *Cinderella*, the renovators of *Sally* are over-punctilious. Theirs is but venial plagiarism. It would be possible, no doubt, to trace affinities between one and the other; in Sally's kitchen debut, for instance, and her sighs for wider freedom, and in the chivalrous sympathy of the Archduke who is working out his exile as a waiter at the restaurant where Sally is menially employed. But the Prince Charming of this piece is a very distant connection of Cinderella's, and the course of their true love is only dutifully ruffled.

The quondam crockery smashing, which vicariously released our destructive inhibitions, now defers to wartime austerity; and, being tinned clatters rather than crashes. But it serves.

The party at which Sally, longing for fame as a dancer, is deceived into impersonating Gaby Deslys is one of those Trimalchian feasts



Sally, the kitchen maid who doesn't like washing-up, shows her paces to the nonchalant despair of Nikko (Jessie Matthews, Andrea Melandrinis)

with which extravagant Edwardians used to astound their guests by defying expense, climate and the laws of probability. There, having first been suspected and convicted of imposture, Sally makes good.

This freak affair opens as a kind of static tableau veiled by gauzes, which give it the semblance of a mammoth delicacy in aspic, or a period soirée preserved in ice. As the applause lessens, the picture comes to life. The gauzes lift; the company waltzes, and then lines up as the regal staircase formally decants the brave days of old.

THESE were the days when the hats of the chorus were canopies, their frocks upholstery; the days of plumed and spangled corymbes with frivolous lingerie and can-can proclivities; of imperious show girls whose condescension matched their wasp-like contours; when the fun, though fast, was guileless, and dudes danced simultaneously. Here this now extinct fauna is generously resurrected. The real and apocryphal celebrities include



Gaston De Frey has a pretty and accomplished secretary in Rosy Roxie (Andre Randall, Elsie Percival)

Johnny Nitt, of *Blackbirds* fame, who tap dances with the vibrant precision of a roll of kettle drums; Tarzan the chimpanzee, who gives an astonishing display of simian mimicry; a cohort of Gibson girls, Sousa and Buffalo Bill.

Queening it among the lesser personages, resplendent in acres of white satin, and feathered like Montezuma's daughter, comes Lillian Russell, the Edwardian diva in excelsis. Miss Linda Gray, who inaugurated this revival with a nobly spoken prologue, substantiates this illustrious shade, and, with the art of a fine vocalist and the aplomb of a good actress, concedes a ballad.

Hitherto, Mr. Richard Hearn has subordinated the talents of a clever actor to the knock-out of an expert low comedian. Now, as the "Buttons" of the piece, his contributions to the fun are whimsically versatile. His burlesque of royalty in below-stairs eclipse is curiously plausible; and, as the archducal lion at the party, his exhaustive demonstration of the "passing out" rites practised by students of the fatherland, is an equivocal labour before whose rigours both Bacchus and Hercules might have quailed.

So this friendly old frolic gathers momentum and reaches the Gala Performance at which Sally, now premiere danseuse, brings down the house, and true love gallops to its apotheosis. Sartorial splendours augment sentimental raptures, and the scene is set for the wedding at "the little church round the corner," where the massed assembly of bridesmaids, pressmen, spectators and festive riff-raff, who cheer the bride, complete a picture that is the true, the happy answer to the period maiden's prayer.

(Left) Maxie, the Serbian Archduke forced to work as a waiter, finds the demonstration of an old Serbian "Passing out" ceremony more than he bargained for (Jack Morrison, Richard Hearn, Linda Grey)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

(Right) Sally, masquerading as Gaby Deslys, makes her first entry into New York society (Jessie Matthews, Frank Leighton)



The Two Sallys

Dorothy Dickson,
the Original "Sally,"
and Jessie Matthews,
Sally of "Wild Rose"



Dorothy Dickson, original "Sally" at the Winter Garden



Jessie Matthews, "Sally" of 1942 at the Princes Theatre

Twenty-one years ago, in September 1921, a young American actress took London by storm. Her name was Dorothy Dickson, and night after night London audiences crowded the Winter Garden Theatre to see her dance and hear her sing to the music of Jerome Kern in *Sally*. The same music is delighting audiences to-day at the Princes Theatre, where another Sally, Jessie Matthews, is singing and dancing in *Wild Rose*. *Wild Rose* is described as a new treatment of an old story set to music. The original play of 1921 has been entirely rewritten, re-dressed and the whole setting taken back twenty years to the "turn of the century." New scenes, new characters and additional music have been added. One line of the original manuscript only has been retained "for old times' sake." It is when Maxie, the Serbian Archduke disguised as a waiter, asks the new kitchen-maid, "You don't like washing up, do you, Sally?" Maxie, in the 1942 production, is played by Richard Hearn. In 1921, Leslie Henson played a similar part under the name of Constantine. Dorothy Dickson and Leslie Henson, the popular stars of that 1921 *Sally*, are still together. They are co-starring at the Saville in *Fine and Dandy*.

Photographs by Vivienne

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Birthdays

THE KING's younger daughter, Princess Margaret Rose, was twelve last week. Like all Royal Family birthday celebrations in wartime, it was a quiet affair, but some of the young Princess's friends were invited to tea, and it was a happy party. Princess Margaret is a very popular young person. She is quick in the uptake, and her ready wit and gift of mimicry make her the centre of attraction wherever she is.

Her cousin, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, celebrated his birthday on the same day. He is eighteen and will shortly be going into the Grenadiers, his father's old regiment. His brother, Viscount Lascelles, joined as a recruit early this year. Gerald Lascelles has not been idle. He has not waited until old enough (officially!) to do his bit. Instead he has been working in a munitions factory since last April under an assumed name. His hours are long—7.45 a.m. until 6.45 p.m. It was only by accident that his true identity became known.

Home Again

LIEUT.-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER is home again after his long Empire trip, and is spending a few days' leave in the country with the Duchess and their young son. He has brought back a number of souvenirs for Prince William, who is now nine months old (see page 269).

Major Howard Kerr, the Duke's Equerry for the past eighteen years, accompanied H.R.H. as Chief of Staff. He is a Hussar—he joined the 11th in 1914—and in pre-war days was one of our best riders to hounds. The King has recognised the value of his work by bestowing on him in private audience the insignia of a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. One Order which Major Howard Kerr holds which he is unlikely to wear again is a souvenir of his visit with the Duke to the Emperor of Japan, when King George V. sent the Order of the Garter to the Mikado. It is the Order of the Sacred Treasure of Japan.

Another Recent Arrival

MISS PATRICIA MOUNTBATTEN has arrived back in this country and rejoined her parents, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, and younger sister Pamela. She has been in

America and was returning with her parents some time ago, but at the last minute, when actually at the airport, it was found that there was not enough room in the plane for her, so she had to be left behind. As soon as Miss Mountbatten arrived home, she volunteered for the W.R.N.S., and when she is eighteen—which is shortly—she will be joining the Service. In the meantime she is doing her bit by helping on the land.

Digging for Victory

MOST people realise that food production is one of the most vital necessities to win this war. Lady Farquhar, wife of Sir Peter Farquhar, is doing a splendid job by running their farm at his place near Newbury while Sir Peter is serving with the 9th Lancers. It means real hard work, and she does long hours on the land herself. Another hard worker farming is Lady Watson, widow of Sir Thomas Watson, who was in the Life Guards. She is farming a big acreage in Warwickshire very successfully, and also works on the land herself from dawn to dusk. One of Lady Watson's sisters, Miss Kathleen Farrer, is in the M.T.C. attached to the American Ambulance unit.

Limited Riviera

A BREATH of August gaiety still lingers at the delightful Lutynens—designed house of Colonel and Mrs. Dudley Cookes on the South Devon coast. Their tall, graceful daughter Ann was lamenting recently the peacetime days when she and her mother, each in her own motor launch, set out for seafaring shopping in Salcombe and Kingsbridge, stopping to pick up a fresh lobster or two on their way. Lord Hayter's nephew, Mr. Emery Chubb, was admiring the way in which Mrs. Dudley Cookes had chosen her purple hydrangeas to tone with the sea below the wide French windows, and the witty cartoonist Fix, who is, in private life, a tall young New Zealand airman called Kelly, with startlingly blue eyes, was describing the start of the grain race to Lady Clementine Waring, Lord Tweeddale's daughter, near whose house the clippers pass to the finish. Mr. Nigel Proudlock, recalled from convalescence to Eton to help win his house match, was back again with a broken hand plus victory. Captain le Mare, who is Master of the Eastern Counties

Passing Judgment

Mr. Middleton, the famous horticultural expert, was the chief judge at the Hampstead Garden Fete, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Lady Gluckstein was beside him when he was inspecting a fine specimen of seakale

Looking On

Lord and Lady Kemsley went to the first performance of "Flare Path," at the Apollo Theatre. Judging by first-night applause, "Flare Path" should prove another success for Terence Rattigan, already famous as the author of "French Without Tears"

Walking Out

The school holidays are now in full swing, and the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell had her fourteen-year-old son to take her round town one day. She is the wife of Lord Bethell's elder son

Who Shall I Ring Up?

The Master of Glamis was photographed while wrestling with the telephone directory. He is the son of Lord Glamis, grandson of the Earl of Strathmore, and the Queen's nephew, and is in the Black Watch

What Uniform is This?

It is that of the American Red Cross, worn by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, Brig.-General Roosevelt's wife, who arrived in England recently. Her husband, three sons and a son-in-law are serving in the Allied forces

Other Hounds, was another jovial visitor. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny have taken the Dudley Cookes' former lovely house at Cooden Beach.

Around Town

WELL known for their generous hospitality and practical interest in all young people starting out on adventurous careers, Sir Louis Sterling and his very decorative wife are always surrounded by friends, whether it is at a first night, where they may always be found in the front row of the stalls, or at one of their restaurant parties—rationing forbids their famous Sunday evening supper-parties at Avenue Road. Everyone is delighted to see Sir Louis about again after his nasty fall which quite seriously damaged his right arm. Among those congratulating him on his recovery at a recent luncheon-party were Petty Officer A. P. Herbert, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward ("my favourite Botticelli" Eric Maschwitz calls her), and her cousin, David Birkin, now a Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.; Major Eric Maschwitz, working at the War Office these days, and talking of his new musical play which is to be presented by Jack Buchanan early in October with more "new faces"; and Miss Judy Campbell, hurrying over lunch in order to be on time for her matinee at the Aldwych. Judy Campbell is leaving the cast of *Watch on the Rhine* very shortly. She is going on tour with Noel Coward for six months. Two afternoons out of every week are going to be given up to entertaining local munition workers.

Out and About

MR. CECIL BEATON is back from the Middle East, with a batch of photographs taken there which include the Duke of Gloucester and the Shah of Persia. Friends and book-collaborators include Mr. Peter Quennell and Mr. James Pope Hennessy. The latter is at the War Office, where Mrs. Gordon Waterfield and Miss Constantia Rumbold (Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold's tall daughter) work in the same department. Mr. Beaton has a lovely house in Wiltshire, and a flat in Pelham Crescent—one of South Kensington's pleasanter, cream-cheese-coloured bits.

Lady Louisa Montagu, the Duke of Manchester's daughter, was out wearing orchids after hard daily work in a munition factory. Her sister, Lady Mary Montagu, works at the Ministry of Supply. Decorative—and expert—dancers seen about were Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, back at their Edwardes Square studio when he can get away from painting the portraits of everyone interesting in the North; Lord and Lady Monkswell and their Eton boy son, Robin, were together (she is one of the most cheerful and charming of the people who help to make our Allies feel at home over here); Miss Pamela White, one of the prettier girls

around and one of the strenuous Ministry workers, and Major Frank Thompson, on leave in London, having a drink with Major and Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth.

Wedding

CAPTAIN TIM LUCAS married Miss Joanna Matthews at St. George's, Hanover Square. His was an interesting individual escape from Dunkirk: he rowed himself the whole way across, a long and strenuous job which he whiled away by singing "I'm a Brighton boatman at a shilling an hour" all the time. His cousin, Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, and Lady Lucas, arrived late, because Sir Jocelyn had been in a motor accident, having just returned from a course with the A.F.S., of which he is a very active member. The guests were few, mostly relations, but there was a pleasantly cheerful reception. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews.

People

MR. CYRIL CONNOLLY, Editor of *Horizon*, new literary editor on the *Observer* and author of that brilliant book *Enemies of Promise*, is one of the people who live in Bloomsbury, but is seen all over the place: was out last week, after working hours, wearing a green shirt. Mr. Philip Toynbee was a highly thought-of young novelist around: that the subjects of his books so far include school life and the Spanish War are doubtless signs that he is developing soundly and making use of his experiences as he goes along. Another Bloomsbury dweller is Mrs. Shirley Cocks, a lively and amusing person who doesn't allow being a B.A. and a qualified barrister to weigh her down. Mrs. (Alice) Graham has been staying with her: she is the young widowed daughter of Lady Rycroft, of Castle Hedingham, in Essex, and has attractive twin children. Miss Sylvia Brownell is an admired young woman also much seen in the Bloomsbury neighbourhood, and an efficient girl with a good new job is Miss Joan Maxwell-Stuart. She and Miss Dodo Lees, from Dorset, have been sharing a flat.

Late Night Special

MR. QUENTIN REYNOLDS was centre of a big party at the Nuthouse, entertaining for a young nephew who has just joined the American Navy and turned up over here. Another gay party was Mr. Jonnie Norton, to celebrate his joining the Grenadier Guards. He is Mrs. Richard Norton's young son, and he contributed to the cabaret by successful singing into the microphone.

Lady Weymouth, lovely and gay as always, was a visitor; Lord Hartington, Lord Lambton, Miss Belinda Blew Jones, Miss Ann Mackenzie, delicious Hermione Baddeley with Walter Crisham and Tony Pawson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert

(Concluded on page 280)



An Engagement

The Hon. Fiennes Wykeham Cornwallis, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Judith Lacy Scott, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Lacy Scott, recently announced their engagement. He is the only son of Lord and Lady Cornwallis, of Plovers, Wadhurst, Sussex



A Country Wedding

On August 15th, Captain Lord Darling, The Somerset Light Infantry, elder son of the late Major the Hon. J. C. Darling, and the Hon. Mrs. Darling, married Miss Rosemary Dickson, daughter of the Rev. F. C. and Mrs. Dickson, at Emery Down, Lyndhurst, Hants.



Cicely Courtneidge, organiser of the matinee at the Palace Theatre, handed a cheque for over £1000, proceeds of the performance, to Lieut.-General M. F. Grove-White. She had already raised over £2000 in six months for the Fund



Two W.V.S. members at the matinee were Lady Somerleyton and Mrs. Hawke. Jack Hulbert was one of the star performers in the cast of his wife's matinee, which also included many other well-known actors and actresses



Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, was chatting to Mr. H. S. Horne, who was a very hard-working member of the organising committee. Mr. Alexander made a speech during the proceedings

Cicely Courtneidge's Gala Matinee In Aid of Her Ack-Ack Comforts Fund

Swabe



Teddy: Well, darling, are you shaken, or are you shaken—now, be honest
Patricia: I'll be honest—I'm shaken

Teddy Graham introduces to his wife the newly arrived film star, Peter Kyle, with whom he knows Patricia acted in New York. Count Skricevinsky (Gerard Hinze), Teddy Graham (Jack Walling), Patricia Graham (Phyllis Calvert), Peter Kyle (Martin Walker), Dusty Miller (Leslie Dwyer), and the Countess (Adrianne Allen)

“Flare Path”

A Play Written by an Airman About Airmen
 and the Wives Who Wait for Them



Patricia: If I'd told him, anything at all I'd have had to admit that I was still in love with you
Peter Kyle, with whom Patricia Graham claimed to slight an acquaintance on first meeting, is in truth her ex-lover, the man with whom she lived for twelve months before marriage. (Phyllis Calvert and Martin Walker)

Teddy: Darling, where are you?

Patricia: I'm here, Teddy

Safely home again after a night over Germany, the tail of his plane all but shot away, Teddy Graham gets momentary black-out. He can't see. It is following this that he confesses to his wife how terrified he is on every flight. (Jack Walling, Phyllis Calvert)



Countess: They haven't lit the flare path yet

Patricia: What's the flare path?

Countess: Lights in a line so that they can see when they're coming in and taking off

Engines revving up bring the women to the window. It is Patricia's first experience. (Kathleen Harrison, Adrianne Allen, Dora Gregory and Phyllis Calvert)





Swanson : Can you spare me one husband for a moment ?

Teddy : Is it anything important ?

Swanson : Yes, it is—darned important

Patricia has decided to tell Teddy of her past, to leave him and go away with Peter. As they go up to their room the Squadron Leader rushes in with the news that Teddy has been summoned for operational flight (Ivan Samson, Phyllis Calvert, Jack Watling)



Countess : Hullo, Mrs. Miller ducks—can I get you a little dinky or anything ?

Maudie : No, thank you very much. I won't have a little—dinky.

The men have gone. The three wives are left together to fill in the long hours till the return of their airmen husbands. The Countess hides her feelings under assumed jollity, while Mrs. Miller maintains a dignified exclusiveness over a cup of coffee. (Adrianne Allen and Kathleen Harrison)

Photographs by John Vickers



Countess : Mr. Kyle, you understand French. Will you read this letter for me ?

Peter : It's from your husband

Countess : Yes

The Count has not returned. His wife has a letter left by him to be opened in just such an event. (Martin Walker, Adrianne Allen)



Percy, the bar lad : Cripes, the old Count ! Coo, I am glad to see you back ! The Count has been given up as lost. But he returns, little the worse for his adventure. Everyone celebrates. Only poor little Mrs. Miller is unhappy—in the general excitement she has missed her bus. The play ends with the departure of Peter Kyle—alone. Patricia has found her war job—it is to stay beside her husband. (George Cole plays Percy)

Growing Up

Prince William is Now
Nine Months Old and
Has Four Teeth

Prince William is the son of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. He was born on December 18th, 1941, and baptised by Dr. Lang, the retiring Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in February this year. These very natural pictures of the young Prince were taken at Barnwell Manor, Peterborough, as a record of some of his earliest months for his father, who has been away from home for four months on an extensive wartime tour. Prince William's favourite playmate at the moment is Zalie, the Australian terrier dog seen below; the parrot is still only a bowing acquaintance, although occasionally he allows himself to exclaim, somewhat bashfully, "Hullo, William!" to the gurgling delight of the young Prince. Prince William's chair was given to him by the women of Northampton, who presented it to the Duchess some months ago

Photographs by Studio Lisa



Prince William Produces His Most Engaging Smile



Standing By ...

(Continued)

Panache

TROLLOPE fans have been sitting up and waving their forepaws anxiously ever since Auntie *Times* recently published a newly-discovered letter written by Trollope during Mrs. Trollope's lifetime, offering a Miss Sankey his heart and hand *en secondes nocces*. Probably just a joke, those boys pipe eagerly, deeming that it matters.

Not being a Trollope fan, we admire that novelist principally because he sat down, frock-coated and cigar in mouth, at his desk regularly every morning and polished off his daily quota of fiction, like a Civil Servant. The very finest Havanas they were, stacked in cabinets by his desk. Ripe mahogany and roast beef and vintage port and massive silver cutlery, that's Slogger Trollope, who habitually did himself well; no damned nonsense about art and inspiration and genius-starving-in-a-garret about that boy, no Café Royal posings, no absinthe and dandruff and temperament and dirty fingernails. You knew when you bought a Trollope novel you were getting solid value for money.

Hint

THERE'S another specimen of booksy *Panache* we admire almost as much—that of the eminent Spanish novelist Don Ramon Maria del Valle-Inclan y Montenegro de la Puebla del Caramiñal, a noble fanfare for a visiting-card. Valle-Inclan, who died a few years ago, was as fantastic as his name, tall, aquiline, thin, masterful, with a superb flowing grey beard and hair, thick black eyebrows, and horn spectacles. That's the stuff to knock the fans bowlegged, given the talent to carry it off, and we suggest to some of our best-selling booksy boys, who look like paunchy mice, that they visit Clarkson's right away and look at the wigs, for a start.

Bouquet

FULSOMELY praising the iron features of some business mogul or other who lately bobbed into the spotlight to help direct the nation's destinies, one way or the other, a gossip-boy forgot that Shelley put the whole magic and mystery of stern City pans into a nutshell in *Adonais*:

Greed and cruelty disgrace
Every hen's appalling face;
In the pans of Business Men
These are multiplied by ten.

Nor do eggs
Mitigate the grue we feel
When those jaws, those eyes of steel
Maudlin weaknesses reveal
In re legs.

Why Shelley, who had evidently been sitting in the front row of stalls and noticing things, connects eggs with big business men is probably poetic licence. Those boys don't lay eggs, they corner them.

Weapon

BY way of proving that the Italians as a race, and as distinguished from the Fascist Party, are not the civilised people travelled chaps still think they are, one of the popular Sunday papers recently printed a photograph of several scowling, unshaven Italian prisoners and said triumphantly, "There you are! Civilised! Look at them!"

This kind of evidence (the camera can't lie) is a powerful weapon, often employed by the Fleet Street boys against chaps they dislike. A frowning and odious photograph of G. K. Chesterton, for example, is kept in the archives of one evening paper we know and is invariably trotted out when required; that great happy Englishman had the sun in his eyes at the time. How different (you can hear the Fleet Street boys exclaim) from the austere spiritual beauty of our own Lord Boom!



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

"Read any good meters lately?"

Outpost

LIMEHOUSE and Chinatown being about as colourful and devilish as a vergers' picnic, despite those pre-war charabanc-placards at Charing Cross luring trippers to View London's Underworld by Night (we often wondered how the respectable East End liked that), it may be that the police-chiefs from the Orient who used to be trotted round by a just-retired Scotland Yard detective-sergeant said "Oh," and "Ah," and wondered what time the spelling-bee began.

As it's a bit late in the day to line up the fiction boys and connect the Foot of Polite Deprecation with the Pants of Flowery Imagining, we will merely remark that those charabanc impresarios didn't know their stuff. They should have run trips to Hampstead, where the social workers of the British Colony could have shown visitors a thing or two, such as the Black Mass in the Finchley Road and the evening orgy behind the shutters at Mother Midnight's off Fitzjohn's Avenue. Nowadays, alas, the British Colony in Hampstead is cut off and practically extinct, and we look in the *Times* every day expecting S.O.S. appeals from the chaplain to send out cricket-bats and the English papers. The Colony has shrunk so small, in fact, our spies tell us, that some of its members actually speak to each other. As if you'd believe a yarn like that!

Echo

SOME sprightly girlish thinker, having just caught up with things, has been re-echoing the cry of one of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls who leapt into the splash-headlines a little time ago with a shrill demand for the admission of women marksmen to Home Guard action-stations.

It isn't as if the Home Guard hadn't sufficient problems of its own already, without importing grimmer ones. We're thinking, for example, of that typical Island compromise of granting Home Guard commissions without disciplinary authority. Tie that, as the actress said to the prima ballerina whose poor old legs got twisted.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



William Scully

"Then Jimmie Cagney pulls out a gun and bang! bang!—
and the gang's wiped out"



Dropping a Depth-Charge—With Variations

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

That unpleasant weapon, a depth-charge, is an iron drum weighing some 4 cwt. and containing high explosives, fired by a fuse operating by water pressure at the required depth. It is carried in a container fixed into a cylindrical piston and all three leave the projector, when fired, by an explosive charge. The firing is done by hand by means of a lanyard. The picture shows the depth-charge and carrier being fired from the projector, but the lanyard has carried away and the seaman firing has charged into the "gunner." In actual practice there are two projectors, one on each side of the ship, and they throw a pattern of depth-charges round the located submarine. A direct hit is not necessary, as the force of T.N.T. is so violent that many yards away the damage is fatal



Michael Powell Directs Deborah Kerr in "The"

"Hold It, Miss Kerr . . .

Now, Shoot . . ."

Deborah Kerr, the young British actress who first made her name as Sally Hardcastle in the screen version of Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole*, is starring with Anton Walbrook and Roger Livesey in *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. The film provides a triple role for her in Boer War days we meet her as a governess; in 1914 to 1918 as a nurse; and finally, in 1942 as a M.T.C. driver. Deborah Kerr, who is now twenty years old, is fast making a name for herself in British pictures. She believes in realism and hard work, and complete sincerity in any character she portrays is the result. When she was given the part of Jenny Hill, the Salvation Army lass, in *Major Barbara*, she went down to Southwark Salvation Army Shelter and spent three weeks there so that she might have real experience of the work done by the Salvation Army. Amongst her latest pictures have been *Hatter's Castle* and *The Day Will Dawn*.



and Death of Colonel Blimp," in Production at Denham

Photographs by Fred Daniels

Michael Powell, the British film producer, who has already made an enviable reputation as a man who is wholly concerned in the making of worth-while pictures, is now engaged on a film which is based on forty years of British history as symbolised by David Low's famous character, "Colonel Blimp." *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, which is dedicated to the fighting spirit of the new Army, tells the story of Blimp from Boer War subaltern days, when he was full of enthusiasm and great ideas, through the years 1914-18 up to 1942. It carries a message of warning to the men and women of to-day—not to let the old rot set in again when peace is won and to remember that a Blimp becomes a Blimp not because he has bad qualities but rather because he fails to acquire new ones. The film is being produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. These two men have already made notable contributions to British film prestige, among them *Contraband*, *49th Parallel*, and *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*. Indeed, *49th Parallel* must have made film history: £60,000 of taxpayers' money was invested in it and, according to a recent debate in the House of Commons, 50 per cent. profit has been made and receipts are still coming in

Lord Newtown Butler's Wife and Her Family



In the Garden



Lady Newtown Butler and Her Daughter

Four Generations: Georgina with Her Mother, Grandmother and Great-Grandmother

Lady Newtown Butler was before her marriage in 1939 Miss Bettyne Ione Everard, and is the only daughter of Air Commodore Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P., and Lady Everard, of Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire. Her father is the Unionist Member for Melton, and her mother, Lady Everard, is the daughter of the late Mr. Marcus Beresford-Armstrong and Mrs. Beresford-Armstrong, of Moyalliffe Castle, Tipperary. Both Lady Everard and Mrs. Beresford-Armstrong are seen in the lower picture, with Lady Newtown Butler and her small daughter, Georgina Ione, born in 1941. Lord Newtown Butler, who is the Earl of Lanesborough's only son, is serving in the Gunners

*Photographs by
Compton Collier*



Irish Sport

The Phoenix Wins the Big Race
at Phoenix Park, Dublin



Mrs. Andrew Knowles, wife of Colonel Knowles, Scots Greys, and Mrs. Luke Lillingston were at the races. Mrs. Lillingston is the Earl of Harrington's mother, and her husband, Captain Lillingston, is a former Joint-Master of the Meath



Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, daughter of Lieut.-Commander R. C. Kirkpatrick, and Lieut. R. J. Sadoine came prepared for the weather. He is in the Irish Guards, and she was on a few days' leave from war work in Northern Ireland



Two sisters at Phoenix Park were Mrs. George Robinson and Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of Lord Roden's heir. Mrs. Robinson's husband is a well-known Irish owner and trainer

In spite of the ban on motoring to race meetings in Eire, an almost record crowd arrived on foot and bicycles at Phoenix Park races. The Phoenix Plate for two-year-olds, now called "The Fifteen Hundred," was won by Mr. Fred Myerscough's The Phoenix in fine style. Mrs. W. J. Burne's Mrs. Swan Song and Lord Queenborough's Camfield were second and third

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

At the Horse-Jumping Competitions at Ballsbridge, Dublin

With the Earl of Granard in this picture is the Hon. Mrs. Bell, wife of Major Bertram Bell. She is a daughter of the late Lord Barrymore, who died in 1925

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Bertram Forbes, Lord Granard's only brother, was a spectator at Ballsbridge Jumping Competitions. He was formerly in the Royal Ulster Rifles and served with the Egyptian Army

Major Bertram Bell, late of the 12th Lancers (whose wife is seen in another picture), was with his daughter, Mrs. David Petherick. Her husband, Captain Petherick, is in the 3rd King's Own Hussars



A successful competitor at all Irish horse shows is Miss Maeve Kiernan, Joint-Master of the Boyle Harriers. The horse she is leading is Foxtrot

As a substitute for the world-famous Dublin Horse Show, again cancelled this year on account of the war, the Royal Dublin Society arranged the Horse Jumping Competitions at Ballsbridge, Dublin. Most of the leading Irish show jumpers, some from Northern Ireland, took part in them, and the Royal Horticultural Society held a show in conjunction with the jumping



Major Robert Fleyming, M.C.

At the outbreak of war Robert Fleyming, British stage and film star, left the cast of "No Time for Comedy" to enlist as a private in the R.A.S.C. Now he commands a Pack Transport Company in Syria



The Army at Lord's

When the Army played the Civil Defence Services at Lord's, Mr. Stanley Christopher, president of the M.C.C., was photographed with Brigadier-General M. A. Green and Major F. A. Sloan, chairman and hon. secretary of the Army Cricket Association



Holloway

Lady Northampton Tries a Sideshow

The Marchioness of Northampton, seen here with Lieut. Waynell and Major J. T. H. Petit, opened a Home Guard fete at Overstone. She was Miss Virginia Heaton, youngest daughter of Mrs. David R. Heaton, of Brookfield, Crownhill, South Devon, and married the Marquess as his second wife last June

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Tipsters and Tipstaff

BECAUSE his Majesty's colt stopped galloping the moment he got to the head of affairs when running in the 6 furlongs Amport Stakes at Salisbury on August 8th, and was then beaten a neck and a short head by Sulphurous and Panda, to each of which colts he was giving 10 lbs., those who were formerly his friends and believed that he would win the Middle Park Stakes on August 26th (to-day), have now very little good to say for him. Is he the first that has dropped his bit, when he thought the battle was all over, and given his jockey less than no time to set the works going again? I think that we shall be very stupid to believe that this performance puts him out of court, and much wiser to remember that this nice-looking chestnut made costermongers' donkeys of his field in the Pembroke Stakes at Salisbury on May 30th. I suggest that we completely disregard this Amport Stakes incident, as, apparently, has one of the wildest of the bookmakers, for he still makes Tipstaff a good second favourite at 5 to 1 to Nasrullah 5 to 4. This wise bird obviously knows that even the best jockey in the world cannot cope with such a situation when there is less than a furlong to go. That would leave the jockey less than 10 seconds to set his horse alight again. The second-hand of your watch may tell you what this means. Gordon Richards I should say must have had less than 10 seconds, probably only 5.

Cobra Venom

YOU can drink a bucketful of it and take no harm, but let but one milligramme get into the blood-stream and the chances against survival will defy all mathematical calculation! It is quite evident that in a case which we have before us "The Cobra" has not brought off an intra-venous infection. He has very few teeth, and those he has are none too good. This fact may have cramped his style. In the case of a bite from what we called colubrine snakes (cobras, mambas, rattlers, etc.),

the first symptom is asphyxial convulsion—in the case of the vipers paralysis. We see absolutely no signs of either symptom; so The Cobra has had no luck, and, as to The Viper, whose venom sets up thrombosis, or a traffic jam, he has also missed the target! Cobra venom in a discreet quantity is a cardiac stimulant, because it contains some muckment called hæmolyisin. In this case it bears a very curious analogy to an almost equally dangerous state of infection from the virus of Flirting. The symptoms in both conditions are so extremely alike and the conditions precedent strangely similar. You can, as I say, drink buckets of cobra poison, and where the other thing is concerned, you may indulge in persiflage, airy nothings, affability, bonhomie, even dalliance, by the lorry-load—but the moment the Other Thing begins to develop—stand from under and watch out!

Is Flirting Curable?

IN my humble submission it is. Snake-bite? Well, perhaps not, because the remedies suggested by The Faculty (so far) seem to be rather difficult of application. Shortly stated, they are two in number (1) immediate amputation, or excision, of the affected part, and (2) that operation preceded by a ligature, such as the inner tube of a tyre. It is always silly trying to argue with a doctor, but supposing you are bitten on the Adam's Apple (quite possible, for snakes are fond of roosting under your pillow) would amputation or a ligature round your neck be much good (purely as a cure); and further, are decapitation and strangulation nicer deaths than that from snake-bite?

Now, where Flirting is concerned, we are upon much surer ground. The Doctors (in spite of anything the Brains Trust may say) have invented a serum which cures colds in the head. If they will kindly invent some stuff which causes colds in the head it will be a death-knell to the Flirting Addict. How could even a Romeo get away with a balcony scene with streaming eyes and nose and a never-ending



Three Sporting Personalities Now in Uniform

Lieut. J. C. Brownlow, K.R.R.C., Junior Commander Nell Campbell, A.T.S., and Lieut. W. S. Brownlow, Rifle Brigade, are the three children of Mrs. Brownlow, of Ballywhite, Portaferry, Co. Down. Mrs. Campbell is a well-known horsewoman, and before the war played polo at Ranelagh, and rode in hunter trials and point-to-points in the West Country. Mr. W. S. Brownlow was Master of the Eton Beagles when war started, and Mr. J. C. Brownlow was in the Eton second eleven, and but for the war a probable future member of the first eleven

sneeze, or an Orlando hang his rotten verses on any tree in token of his love when he had to keep foraging about for his handkerchief? So it is curable, and as the dangers of Flirting outstrip in the measure and circumstance of danger those of cobra-bite, I suggest that the medical profession gets a gait on.

Riots, Eastern Variety

RIFLES and bombs had, and machine-guns and hand-grenades now probably have, a quaint way of sprouting out of the earth the moment the thing called—rather facetiously, I think—a “civil disturbance” breaks out. They are never civil but always disturbing, and much more tiresome than a real honest-to-goodness fight, because the forces detailed to cause them to subside have it heavily imposed upon them that their first duty is to prevent bloodshed, no matter how many bottles and brickbats are chucked at them, or how many of their horses are brought down by the booby-traps on the roads. A favourite one in my own rather extensive experience of these bullitions in Eastern cities is the removal of the covers of the manholes in the street and the camouflaging of the cavity with a bit of sacking on the bamboo-matting door of a native hut. It is to deal with this kind of bottle party that in most of India’s big cities, or handy thereunto, these very useful cavalry units called Light Horse are maintained, and a very material aid to the police and the regular forces—usually infantry—they have proved in the past, and, I have no doubt, are proving again. These disturbances can be just as nasty as you want them, and have been on quite as big a scale in the past as the ones which have recently bubbled up.

In one of the last things in which I had any personal part, I think the people who were the most alarmed were the filled de joie from Germany, the Danubian provinces and the off-scourings of the Levant, who swarm in Indian cities, and who are “agents” every mother’s daughter of them, wretched white slaves who have to do exactly as they are told by the male mongrels, who are in the background, and who draw all the profits.

“E’ll Strike Yer Down Dead!”

THAT is what Kipling wrote out the thing that Paget M.P. called “The Solar Myth,” when recommending the British soldier not to take any notice of that liar, and wear his helmet. I also claim to know something about sun, both Indian and Egyptian, and I hand it to India every time. Cairo can be pretty hot, and anything south-east of Suez in the Red Sea absolute hell, but on an all-round reckoning, and for possessing the capacity to sear the very eyeballs out of you, I back Hindustan at her hottest against most places. From photographs which we get from Libya, and the North Africa front generally, I see people wandering about with no hats on at all—and the late C.-in-C. is amongst them. I have been in Cairo—not at the height of summer—when you could just dispense with a sola (and solar) topi or helmet, but I am sure that it would have been more comfortable to have worn one. In the Indian summer, and even the Indian winter, you could not walk without a pith covering to your head.

Dev Milburn

HE was an International in more than just the polo sense of the word, for during that period which counts for so much in a man’s life, he was at an English university. He went up to Lincoln in the early 1900’s, rowed for Oxford in 1902 and 1903, and in those same years represented the University at polo. But all this quite apart, he was as much entwined with the life of our country as he was with that of his own. Speaking for England, I know how much Dev Milburn was liked, and I am sure that the same thing goes for America. I only knew him on and off from meeting him upon the occasions of America’s numerous successful polo invasions, but those who knew him better I am sure, will bear out these statements. He had that charm of manner which is possessed by so many of his countrymen, and he was one of the best exemplifications of that often rather abused word “sportsman.” In the world of polo he was a legendary figure,



Officers of a South Coast Territorial Anti-Aircraft Regiment

(Front row) Lieut. (Q.M.) W. R. Clutterbuck; Captain P. B. Reynolds; Major E. Waddington; Captain (Adj.) H. G. Rea; the Commanding Officer; Major H. E. Barker; Captains T. Metcalfe, J. A. Lewington, S. H. Dainty; Lieut. (O.O.) C. E. Grantham. (Second row) 2nd Lieuts. E. A. Finch, K. A. Preston, A. Porton, L. B. Fielder, G. H. Kinch, F. Jones, L. G. Hart-Jones, D. W. Reeds, E. W. Wilson, G. S. Senior, D. N. Maddocks, D. N. Gibbons, F. A. Griffiths. (Back row) 2nd Lieuts. L. T. Beecher, E. J. F. Tegg; Lieut. W. G. Elliott; 2nd Lieuts. J. H. A. Desmond, C. Adams, E. A. Gunning, S. McKinstrie, K. U. T. Sumpster, C. T. Riley, J. F. Godsall, J. L. St. P. Bass, R. W. Tolmie, C. Raulings

a player of an epoch. It would demand far more space than can at this moment be commanded to go into all the detail of his career, but his International record is a whole volume in itself: fourteen matches only one defeat, and that was in 1914 against our “despised” side skipped by Rattle Barrett. There were those, who, even after the inclusion of Leslie Cheape, did not give us a celluloid cat’s chance, and they picked on Mouse Tomkinson, our No. 1, as the weak spot: yet it was the hurricane attack of our forward line, he and Leslie Cheape, which started America rocking, and eventually won us that cup by 8½ to 3 and 4 to 2½—it was in the times of that rather cumbersome system of fractional scoring by

penalty values. We have had no details, but I shall not be surprised if we are eventually told that the seeds of any heart weakness were sown in his rowing days, for, of all strains, I compute that that is the worst. He was only sixty when he collapsed on the Meadow Brook Golf course at Westbury, from which place the International Cup takes its name. As to polo, he was good all round his pony, but I think the shot which remains most fixed in my memory, is that marvellous near-side back-hander, which never missed and sent the ball hurtling out of harm’s way like a shell out of a gun. It came back just as quickly as something has recently done after the conclave in Moscow. Peace to Dev Milburn’s gallant ashes.



Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Station

D. R. Stuart

In this picture are Lieut.-Commander J. W. W. Bisgood, R.N., the well-known racehorse trainer; Commander A. B. Usher, R.N.; Captain J. P. Gornall, R.N.; and Major Lord Tennyson, the famous England and Hampshire cricketer. Lieut.-Commander Bisgood won the Lincoln with Over Coat in 1936, and had another good horse in Caddy

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Clean Fun

MR. HOWARD HAYCRAFT'S *Murder for Pleasure*: The Life and Times of the Detective Story (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.) is a useful and excellent piece of work which has received, and more than merits, the Book Society's recommendation. With regard to the detective story, it serves as a history, analysis and very thorough guide. The confirmed addict of this form of fiction will turn to it for the interest of comparing his own views with Mr. Haycraft's, and in the hope (in which he will not be disappointed) of hearing of new authors to add to his library lists. He will be glad to find, at the end of *Murder for Pleasure*, several useful indexes. The reader whose tastes are more uncertain, who has so far failed to distinguish the detective-story proper from the more ambiguous "shocker," or morbid tale, and who has, consequently, a certain feeling of guilt about his enjoyment of the *roman policier*, will be helped, by Mr. Haycraft, to clear his mind. He will learn that this form of writing has its own laws and standards and partakes, in its own way, of both science and art.

Mr. Haycraft, as an American, has been introduced to readers on this side of the Atlantic by a leading English exponent of the art of detective-writing, Mr. Nicholas Blake. Mr. Blake, in his Introduction to *Murder for Pleasure*, directs our attention to the main points made by the book. These are important. Without pomposity, and without making too serious claims for what is, admittedly, "escape" fiction, Mr. Haycraft has, by the end, succeeded in placing the detective story in its true, quite important, relationship to our own times, and in showing its psychological, social and even political significance. Two facts stand out and invite reflection—first, that the demand for detective stories has risen steadily since the war, the rise being most marked of all, in England, during the 1940 blitz; and second, that some years before the war detective fiction was banned from Germany and Italy as containing "liberal ideas."

With regard to the question of "escape" literature, this has, demonstrably, always been wanted, even in far less trying times than our own. Great, or classic, literature states the eternal truths of life. But there are moments of tiredness or frivolity when we do not feel quite up to facing these. Our undying childishness asks for the fairy-tale. And of this I see nothing to be ashamed. We cannot be grown-up the whole time, nor can we hope to live at a constantly high level. I do, however, feel one should recognise that there are two very different kinds of escape literature: one is honest, and in its effects tonic; the other is insidious, and therefore bad. The first makes a straight appeal to our love of excitement; the other makes a crooked appeal to our weakness for sentiment. The first does not misrepresent life: it merely tells a

good story. The second *does* misrepresent life; it glozes everything over with unreal colours; it may really, in the long run, corrupt the unwary reader and make him or her unable to take a clear view of things. For instance, how many love-affairs have gone wrong because either one or both of the parties concerned were stuffed with exalted nonsense got from second-rate novels?

The detective story (within the limits so ably defined by Mr. Haycraft) belongs to the first, the non-dangerous and honest class of escape-writing. It addresses itself to the reasoning powers, to the intelligence, to the head. It has an implicit morality. I say "implicit" because this exists in addition to the obvious message—that crime must be, and will be, punished. The implicit suggestion of the detective story is that, ultimately, reason, persistence, courage and love of order cannot fail to triumph over chaos and violence. This message is specially comforting in our present times. One can see why more and more readers seek the detective story not only for its distractions, but for its tonic effect.

Readers and Writers

I do not seek to make converts to the detective story: if you cannot like it, you probably never will. I can only say that, in my view, you are missing a pleasure. I may, perhaps,

earlier on this page, have used the word "addict" rather misleadingly, for I cannot feel that detective-story reading is anything in the nature of a drug. Detective-story readers, it may be noted, are drawn from the highest

ranges of all professions—bishops, generals and statesmen, not to speak of the most learned of dons, would all be ready to rally to the defence. Abraham Lincoln delighted in the three tales, in this genre, of Edgar Allan Poe. Gaboriau—or so claimed his publishers—was the favourite reading of Prince Bismarck. Julius Cæsar, Napoleon and other giants of history had to get on without this relaxation: the detective story did not make its appearance until half-way through the nineteenth century.

It began in America, with the three tales of that unhappy genius, Poe. (Of these, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* is the best known.) The next practitioner was in England—Charles Dickens. His *Mystery of Edwin Drood* he did not, unhappily, live to unwind. There is also a strong detective element in *Bleak House*. Dickens's interest in the detective (or, in those days, more strictly, mystery) story has been traced to his friendship with Wilkie Collins, who in 1868 produced the superb *Moonstone*. Two years before *The Moonstone*, in France Gaboriau's *L'Affaire Lerouge* had appeared, to be followed by *Monsieur Lecoq* in 1869. Gaboriau was important as an innovator: his tales would hardly pass the test now. The poor man turned out

(Concluded on page 280)



Colonel Ebenezer Pike, C.B.E., M.C.

Colonel Pike, late of the Grenadier Guards, will be well remembered by many as Commander of the Household Brigade Officer Cadet Battalion at Bushey in the last war. In May 1940, after serving in France at G.H.Q. as Assistant Military Secretary, he undertook the raising and training of the West Sussex Home Guard, and now commands the whole of the Sussex Zone. The portrait reproduced above is by his wife, Olive Snell

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other day, during that brief interlude which, mentally, I insist upon using as an escape, I read an extremely dull diary, written nearly 150 years ago by a doubtless estimable country parson. I sought in it entertainment; I cheerfully anticipated local gossip—which a diary, written so very long ago should surely contain, if it be not fit for salvage? Alas! on almost every entry my eagerness was frustrated by a variation of this kind of theme: "We had for dinner, a fine Cod's Head and Shoulders boiled in Shrimp Sauce and Anchovy ditto, Peas Soup, rost Leg of Mutton, a very good tender ham and a Couple of Chicken boiled, Greens etc. Afterwards, 3 rost partridges, Maccaroni, a boiled Damson Pudding, Mince Pies and a Raspberry T. Poor Desert, only dried Apples and common Apples."

Now that, I suppose, ought to have filled me with envy, hatred and malice. It didn't even make me feel hungry! I only marvelled that anybody in those far-off days ever lived to a ripe old age on a diet which would surely make a bull complain of being blown out. But they did. According to a study of old tombstones, if anyone survived beyond nineteen they were good for ninety. The gods either loved you and you died young, or they couldn't bear the sight of you and you seemed to your heirs to live for ever!

But, to return to food. . . . And, on the whole, isn't it a dull subject? Well, I suppose everything which goes on too long produces ennui—even love; even heaven as pictured in the pulpits. Too many people these days talk "food."

It has completely ousted the weather; and nobody, nowadays, is in the least interested in other people's ailments—not even doctors. Thanks, it seems to me, to a business man being at the head of affairs, wartime eating, though it may perhaps increase nostalgia for the days of Mrs. Beeton, is no subject for prolonged mental agony. True, you often go out in search for fish and come back, instead, with sausages, or, contrariwise, hunt for sausages and discover you have returned with dog's-meat; but the one philosophical secret, which solves nearly all shopping problems, is to seize what you see when you see it, because you may never see it again for weeks. This, followed up relentlessly, saves all sudden changes of plans—since you go out without any.

Otherwise you have to stand in a queue and [that, unless you want to hear the local gossip, is the supreme test of temper.

Treat your wartime shopping as an adventure, a dip into the unknown. For that is what it is. I have seen a shop full of youthful raspberries turn back into a shop full of elderly cherries almost before I have made up my mind. And many a shopper has gone out with the intention of buying potatoes and, since it took all the ready cash she had, come back with a peach! And who has not listened, pencil in hand, to a wartime recipe on the radio, only to be thwarted on the last words of dictation—by an onion? In a way, we shall miss the war when it is over and ordinary things are valiantly trying to be ordinary once more. Peace and plenty, indeed, will find us feeling rather stunned!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lathbury — Thin

Lt.-Col. Gerald W. Lathbury, O.B.L.I., son of the late Lt.-Col. H. O. Lathbury, and Mrs. Lathbury, of Thatched Cottage, Great Totham, Essex, married Jean Gordon Thin, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. G. Thin, of Aston Somerville Hall, Broadway, Worcestershire, at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore



Franklin-Adams — Turvill

Lieut. Thomas Hanbury Franklin-Adams, The Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Franklin-Adams, of Tillingdown, Caterham, married Joan Turvill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Turvill, of The Pleasance, Woldingham, Surrey, at St. Paul's Church, Woldingham



Townsend — Howard

Surgeon-Lieut. Raymond Francis Townsend, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Townsend, of Ealing, married Lorna Fitzalan Howard, youngest daughter of Sir John Howard, K.C., Chief Justice of Ceylon, and Lady Howard, at St. Peter's Garrison Church, Colombo



Chell — Gunary

Captain Peter John Chell, The Essex Regiment, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. A. Chell, of 27, Reed Pond Walk, Gidea Park, Essex, married Brenda Iris Gunary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gunary, of South Hall, Rainham, Essex, at St. Mary and St. Peter's, Wennington, Essex



Normand — Green

Major Richard John Normand, Royal Scots, son of Captain Patrick H. Normand, of Brookside, Fovant, and Audrey Mary Green, daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. A. Green, of The Residency, Kroonstadt, South Africa, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Lucas — Mathews

Captain Timothy S. Lucas, M.C., K.R.R.C., only son of Major and Mrs. Evelyn Lucas, of 64, Melton Court, S.W., and Joanna Repington Mathews, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, of Lob's Wood, Ilkley, Yorks., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Coleman — Whitaker

Mr. Edward Ross Coleman, M.N., son of the late Mr. F. P. Coleman, and Mrs. Coleman, of Riverside, Amberley, New Zealand, married Constance Whitaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whitaker, of Brinklands, Cavendish Road, Sheffield, at St. Andrew's Church, Sharrow



Atkinson Clark — Gilbert-Lodge

Lieut. Peter Atkinson Clark, Scots Guards, son of Major and Mrs. Henry Atkinson Clark, of Alltchroskie, Enochdu, Perthshire, and Patricia Anne Gilbert-Lodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gilbert-Lodge, of 30, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Williams — Hunt

Michael Sanigear Williams, H.M. Diplomatic Service, only child of the Rev. F. S. and Mrs. Williams, of Aymond Grange, Eastbourne, married Joy Holdsworth Hunt, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunt, of 15, Magdalene House, Manor Fields, Putney, at St. George's, Hanover Square

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 265)

Heber-Percy, Mr. Michael Pitt-Rivers, in the Blues, and son of Mary Hinton, the actress, Wing Commander Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's son, who married Miss Cynthia Monteith, Mrs. Frank Owen, lovely wife of the now serving ex-Editor of the *Evening Standard*, and Lady Isobel Milles, looking inscrutable. Mr. Lou "Styx" Freeman was around, but his songs are off the cabaret menu pending some new ones.

Birthday Gift for China

AMONG schemes sponsored by Lady Cripps and her United Aid to China Fund is the British Peoples' Gift to China, to be presented by Lady Cripps to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, on the occasion of the birthday of the Chinese Republic. The money will be used for alleviating suffering, providing medical supplies, comforts and food for the wounded, the sick and the distressed in China.

China has now been at war for five years, and has inflicted over a million casualties on the Japanese. Although one-fifth of China is now in enemy hands, her spirit is unbroken, and her people fight on: this in spite of the fact that for nearly three thousand years, since the time of Confucius and Lao-tzu, Chinese ideals have been essentially pacifistic.

Contributions towards this gift for the benefit of a great country who has been fighting the common enemy for much longer than we have, should be sent to Lady Cripps, President, United Aid to China Fund, 13, Regent Street, S.W.1.

Y.W.C.A. International Tea-Party
at Somerville College

A.C./W. E. Leyns (representing Belgium) arrived with the Hon. Mrs. Francis Erskine, a National Vice-President of the Association

Photographs by
Johnson, Oxford



Lady Proctor, herself a National Vice-President, shared a joke with Miss Florence Campbell, O.B.E., another National Vice-President there



Left: the President of Czechoslovakia, Dr. Benes, escorted his wife and Lady Helen Graham, the President-elect of the Y.W.C.A.

Over 300 delegates attended the Twentieth Biennial Conference of the Y.W.C.A. at the Taylor Institution, Oxford. Many nationalities were represented. One of the most popular functions was the International Tea Party, at which Lady Helen Graham, chairman of the International Service Committee, received conference delegates and other visitors

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

feuilletons against time—with a small boy waiting to take each page to the press. Eventually he died of over-production. After Gaboriau, France, in this vein, was silent, till 1907 saw in Leblanc and Leroux. These days (or, till recently) we have the prolific Simenon—strictly, a Belgian—love of the highbrows, and given more to atmosphere than to plot.

America, after the fine start made by Poe, put out no further exponent till Anna Katherine Green, whose *Leavenworth Case* came in 1878, was immediately popular and was followed up. But America atoned for her long silence by energetic support of Conan Doyle, whose early struggles and discouragements Mr. Haycraft with feeling relates. America fell for Sherlock Holmes (whose surname had been lifted from one of her leading poets) in a big way—England had, in the first place, shown herself shy. *A Study in Scarlet* appeared in 1887; *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* in 1892. Conan Doyle came, in time, to find his famous creation a bit of an old man of the sea—as we know, he made one attempt to kill Holmes off—but this caused an uproar in two continents—the author was deluged with letters, one beginning, "You beast. . . ."

From Conan Doyle in England, from Anna Katherine Green in America, Mr. Haycraft traces the history of this new branch of literature steadily onwards, up to the present day. The detective story, as we now know it, was, he shows, a post-the-last-war growth: only E. C. Bentley's *Trent's Last Case* preceded 1914 by one year. After that came a break (for Mr. Haycraft distinguishes, very firmly, between the detective story proper and the mystery and adventure stories of John Buchan, such as *The Thirty-Nine Steps*) till 1918, when *The Middle Temple Murder*, by J. S. Fletcher, appeared. The year 1920 opened a decade of great production with Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* and Freeman Wills Crofts's *The Cash*. In England, the 'twenties saw the emergence of Dorothy Sayers, H. C. Bailey, G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, Edgar Wallace, Philip Macdonald, John Rhode, Anthony Berkeley, Ronald Knox, Margery Allingham. In America, these same ten years were represented by Frederick Irving Anderson, Earl Derr Biggers, S. S. Van Dine, Ellery Queen, Dashiell Hammett, M. G. Eberhart and others.

With the beginning of the 1930's, detective-story writing, on both sides of the Atlantic, had become, as Mr. Haycraft shows, a fine art, and was recruiting the best brains. It is now giving greater and greater attention to what Mr. Haycraft considers its first essential—plausibility. It has reached a high standard in dialogue, in depiction of manners, in setting of scene and in drawing of character.

Mr. Haycraft's discussion of all this could not be more interesting. And his comments upon the work of specific authors are equally to the point. He makes several general remarks that invite thought—for instance, he considers English women writers more (admirably) masculine and professional in their handling of the detective story than American women writers, who (owing, apparently, to the influence of the American women's magazines in which their work is so often serialised) rather tend to run riot in clothes, glamorous love-interest, interior decoration and well-served meals. . . . "Fans" will be grateful for the information supplied as to the lives, backgrounds and in some cases double identities, of mystery writers who have until now remained mysterious to us all.

Pity the Poor Philistine!

MUCH has been written about the sufferings of the juvenile "born" artist in the Philistine home. Mr. Ronald Frazer, in his novel *Financial Times* (Jonathan Cape; 8s. 6d.), now gives us the story the other way round. It is true that the life-story of poor Titian Woollacombe is told in that brilliant, mocking and high-fantastic manner that Mr. Frazer so uniquely commands. In this case, the scales are loaded against what should be the hero—Titian is, throughout, the butt of the tale. His too few tender fancies only lead him astray. His predilections—such, for instance, as that for staging major emotional scenes in shops—give him a tragic sort of absurdity.

Titian—who groaned under his Christian name—came some way down the family of thirteen children of a successful R.A. (specialist in cow paintings) and a poetess so vague that she was unable to recognise her own young. Purely Bohemian values ruled the Woollacombe home, in whose expensively-maintained chaos meals and parties appeared to happen by chance. The other young Woollacombes, appropriately christened Leonardo, Carpaccio, Ingres, Raphael, and so on, painted, danced, wrote, played and acted with a disregard for the duller side of existence and with (for Titian) infuriating success. In this milieu Titian, forlorn as a changeling, vowed himself from childhood to the making of money: we watch his ascent to the cloud-peaks of high finance. And his only reward, on the human side, was mockery, and estrangement from those he loved—or could have loved. The descriptive passages in the novel are charged (as always with Mr. Frazer) with a glittering, fairy beauty. And the characters—especially that of Daisy—have a fairylike light brightness, and fairylike cruelty.

"A People Within a People"

MR. WILFRED BOVEY'S *The French-Canadians To-day* (Penguin Specials; 6d.) is a compact, thorough, discreet and interesting study, not to be missed. The French-Canadians are, as he puts it, faced "with the problem of maintaining themselves as a people within a people." Mr. Bovey discusses what must be the main factors in the adjustment. History, character and religion have all to be taken into account. His word-painting is vivid, and his sense of race-psychology seems acute.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Cigar or Packing Case?

THE responsible designer will not, I know, take it in bad part if I say that the front end of the Whitley bomber has always reminded me of a box at the opera, and whenever I see one of these machines I half expect some whiskered Edwardian to lean out from the bombardier's compartment and wave a programme. We used to be taught years ago, that there was a stream-line form—cigar-shaped, or pear-drop shaped—to which aeroplane fuselages should conform as closely as possible. But the fuselages of our bombers never seem to follow this pattern. Instead of cigars, they have the contours of railway carriages. I suppose it is something to do with the increases in size, or with the additional demands made for the accommodation of crews and bombs. At any rate, a comparison between the early Focke-Wulf Condor, which we used to see over this country just before war broke out, and any of our latest bombers is not flattering to the bombers. It is fair to note, however, that the Germans went a long way to spoil the shape of the Condor when they converted it into a commerce raider and stuck blisters and boxes on underneath.

Supreme Achievement

BUT the proof of the bomber is in the flying, and although our four-engined bombers may not look very svelte, they perform well. The Avro Lancaster in particular is earning something quite special in the way of pilot's praise. It does seem to be one of those aircraft which appears about once every ten years (the Avro 504K, the Morane Bullet, the Sopwith Pup, and the Hawker Fury are perhaps examples) which contrive to be just right in every respect and which earn praise alike from pilots, air-crews, maintenance staffs, and even production engineers. Externally it is clean in design, and Mr. Roy Chadwick claims, I gather, that the underslung engines aid in pushing up performance, especially in climb and ceiling.

My only regret is that the Lancaster has not got a retractable tail wheel. I know how difficult it is to sort out the tail-wheel problem, and how arguments on both sides tend to balance. The added complication and weight; the added risks of failure (with all that tail-wheel failure means when large numbers of big aircraft are being operated at night from each aerodrome), and the extremely small reduction in drag at bomber speeds, all make it seem that the retractable tail-wheel is an unnecessary luxury—a show piece rather than a practical feature.

Nevertheless, when a big bomber is seen in the air, the enormous blob of the tail-wheel does tend to wreck the line, and to take us even further from that "cigar" shape we all used to think about and talk about.

I must emphasise, however, that this is mainly a matter of show, and not of practical performance. No doubt the maintenance crews bless the designer who refuses to be stamped into putting in a retractable tail wheel; no doubt the staff officers of Bomber Command bless him equally, and I am not sure that most pilots do not do the same. The Lancaster will, I think, go down in history with the Spitfire and the Hurricane as one of the supreme war aircraft. It is good fortune that this exceptionally fine machine should appear in quantity just when we are seeking to push up the bombing effort. Congratulations should be given to Mr. Dobson, Mr. Chadwick, and a great company.

Joint Information

ONE of the things for which the Air Ministry deserves commendation is the manner in which it has built up the whole of the publicity and news side of war information. It has set a high standard in these respects, and, so doing, has incurred some criticism on the grounds that it stimulates a competition in publicity between the three Services.

Here, it seems to me, criticism is off the rails. It should not argue that the Air Ministry provides the Royal Air Force with too much publicity, but that the Admiralty and War Office do not provide the Royal Navy and the Army with enough. The correction should be in the publicity arrangements of the senior Services. All the same, I stick to my belief that the best results in Service publicity will only be achieved when a central, joint war information staff has been set up, to sort out the reports from the three fighting Services and then to issue to the public such communiqués as it thinks fit. Only then will it be possible to achieve the first requirement of all publicity if it is to be effective, namely, the ranging of all matter issued round a central theme.

Our Service publicity at present has no central theme. It does not follow any policy in optimism or pessimism; it does not consider its influence on strategy (and it has an influence); it does not consider its influence on tactics. Most of those who deal in Service publicity have little knowledge of strategy or tactics. They do not seem to see that every news service statement should be matched to a central theme and should be employed to forward a central war policy.

I am not suggesting that there should ever be the slightest distortion. But it is possible, as we well know, to cast the statements so as to magnify or minify. It is possible to make them appear boastful or modest—all without departing from the facts. We shall never use publicity as a weapon of war (and that is how it ought to be used) until we have a joint staff for war information with full responsibility and full control. There is often a conflict between the value to be had from the publication of a certain fact and the risks entailed of letting the enemy know something he did not know before. It is my contention that the weighing-up of these opposites in relation to the whole war situation is at present nobody's business and that, in consequence, egregious blunders are made every day.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



It is the fashion now to economise in the matter of beauty preparations, but this does not signify that the skin must be neglected. Elizabeth Arden, 25 Old Bond Street, has gone into this matter very carefully and is making a feature of what may be called necessities, they are really in no sense of the word luxuries. Write to her fully explaining your facial problems and the amount that may be taken from the dress budget for this purpose. The illustration shows some of the essential preparations. There is the Acne Lotion, the merits of which are so well known that it would be superfluous to describe them here. It truly does perform the work that is claimed for it. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Nedra Liquid, which is a perfect deodorant and preventative of any fear of odour, it may be used freely by women with sensitive skins. Miss Arden's powders are available in two blends, the finer being the original Ardena; the other, Flower, is equally pure but not quite so fine. Warmly to be recommended are Dermatrix Depilatory, also the Wax



The fact must be faced that in the near future rainy days will be our portion; this is always the case during the autumn. Now Harrods, Knightsbridge, have an unprecedentedly large collection of mackintoshes, many of them in two-tone effects as well as checked, striped and plain. They strike a cheerful note no matter the reading of the thermometer. They are likewise making a feature of rainproof tweed coats. As will be seen from the illustration above, they are well-tailored and cut on roomy lines, furthermore they can be slipped on in the fraction of a second. It must not be overlooked that this firm is specialising in "all-the-year-round" suits; this is an immense advantage. It seems almost unnecessary to add that felt and other autumn hats have arrived



This winter women of necessity will have to say adieu to luxurious furs as the prices have gone up by leaps and bounds and, of course, their length of life is limited. There are, however, durable furs that are light and warm and represent excellent value for coupons and money. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are making a feature of the same. Illustrated on the left is an Indian Lamb coat and, as will be seen, it is flattering to a slight figure. There are other models which are destined for women of generous proportions. Every type of figure has received the utmost consideration in these salons. A fur that has come into its own again is Australian Opossum; it is ever so soft and silky and needs no trimming. As a matter of fact all furs depend on line and the working of the skins



From

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Whatever economies are made a well-chosen Hat is always a good 'tonic' to any wardrobe. Moreover, at Marshall & Snelgrove's Hats are not expensive. For instance, these three attractive stitched Hats designed for early autumn in black, brown, navy and a few colours, are priced at only

29/7 each

From our Millinery Salon—Ground Floor.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, W.1.

MAYfair
6600

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE night watchman from the local road-mending squad met a friend.

"Why aren't you at work?" asked his friend. "Oh," said the watchman, airily, "I've given myself a night off."

"How's that?" "Well, six nights a week for the past two months I've been watching the council's bomb hole. This morning I got home and found one in my own back garden. So now I'm going into business for myself!"

A GERMAN officer asked a Belgian the time. The Belgian pretended not to understand.

"It is 7.15," called out a little girl who was passing. "My little dear," said the German, "how do you know the time without looking at a watch?"

"Can't you see there's no one about?" said the child. "They're all at home—it's the hour of the English radio."

AMONG the people filing into an air-raid dugout was an old man. In one hand he carried a long-handled shovel to deal with incendiaries, and under the other arm he carried an old-fashioned harp, presumably for entertainment.

"Blimey," said one Cockney shelterer to another, "there's a bloke wot's backed hisself both ways."

AN airman, forced to bale out over Belfast on a recent Sunday, crashed rather heavily on a piece of vacant ground. People rushed to his assistance.

"What happened?" one of them asked.

"My parachute let me down—it wouldn't open," replied the airman.

"Well, you might have known," said the other. "nothing opens in Belfast on Sundays."

MCGINTY appeared before the magistrate on a charge of assault and battery. The magistrate was attempting to get both sides of the story and asked McGinty what induced him to punish the plaintiff.

"Sir," said McGinty, "suppose a man called you an Irish scallywag—what would you do?"

The magistrate said with a smile: "But I'm not Irish!"

"Well," responded McGinty, "suppose he called you the kind of scallywag that ye are?"

WORKMEN were building a concrete tank to hold water for emergency use during air raids, and an old lady stopped to watch them.

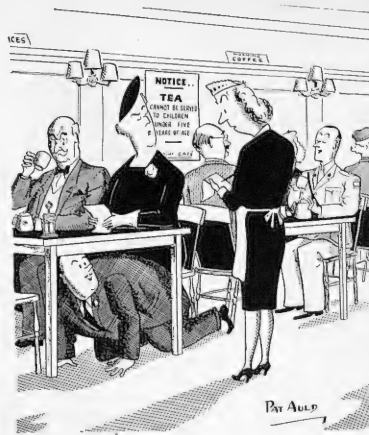
Presently she turned to one of the men and asked, innocently:

"But how do you know that the incendiaries will fall just here?"

"WHY," asked the army doctor, "do you have KB 765 tattooed on your back?"

"That's not tattoo, sir," replied the recruit.

"That's where the wife ran into me with the car."



"He may act like a child, actually he was born in June, 1890. Tea for two please"

her newspaper, "that a woman has been awarded £2,000 damages for the loss of a thumb. I shouldn't have thought a thumb was as valuable as that."

"Perhaps she kept her husband under it," grunted her husband.

AN elderly Home Guard on duty at one end of a bridge was approached by a brass band.

"And what are your duties supposed to be, m' good man?" said the Blimp.

"Oh, I stays 'ere and defends this 'ere bridge after the bloomin' Army's withdrawn," replied the H.G.

Waste Not, Want Not! — The Old Adage Is Truer Than Ever To-day. — Rags, Bottles, Bones, Paper, Everything Counts

Drink not the third glass, wrote George Herbert, the 17th century poet . . . An injunction we must echo in these days of uncertain arrivals of fruit juices for making Kia-Ora.



Lemon • Orange • Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6
Unsweetened Lemon, Orange,
Grapefruit in half bottles 1/9



K608



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Du Barry's Coopers Free Department will remodel your dress after the event.

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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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coupon-free accessories of your coupon ward-robe
... harmonious, glowingly warm, long-lasting ...
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for to-day ... that touch of brightness and hope
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Gala Lipstick 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6. Also Gala
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Tailored Knitwear

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This smartly cut jersey
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long cardigan coat, with
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Black, navy, grey, cherry,
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BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



Let's see—
better buy
ROYAL
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FOR EFFICIENCY, ECONOMY AND SERVICE

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A Tailor-made for good Coupon Value

One of our autumn range
made specially for us

A perfect Tailored Suit,
extremely well cut and balanced
In super quality gents' Suitings in
Glen Overchecks, and Suitings, in
greys, blues, browns, etc. Hip
sizes 38 to 42 ins.
(18 coupons) **£9.8.5**

Suits: Third Floor

Stock Size, Full Size, Small Size—
in each of our specialised departments
there is now a collection of fashions
for autumn and winter. Earlier than
usual, perhaps, but you will be wise
to see them now, as stocks are
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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. REGENT



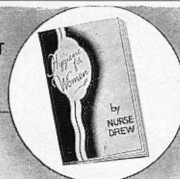
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Unsurpassed in quality although
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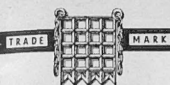


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APPROVED BY DOCTORS



THE HOUSE OF SEAGER

There's no individual to 'blame' for the shortage of Seager's Products—"there's a war on"—and disappointment is inevitable.

But the fewer the blessings, the more we must be thankful for such as there are, making the most of them with patriotic cheerfulness.

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We are sorry to dis-appoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

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KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—TIME IT!



—And this man is still alive!

Most Naval men choose the Vitabuoy because its buoyancy might be invaluable in emergency. Paymaster Lieutenant—, R.N., found its fire-resisting properties almost as valuable. After a long spell on the bridge, he lay down on the chart-house floor. Suddenly he woke. "There was the dickens of a bang and a shower of sparks." The pistol ammunition in his pocket had started to explode. "While asleep, I had rolled against the electric fire and continued sleeping with the coat resting on the guard in front of the elements. The heat had been so great that, even, through the coat, it had caused the rounds to blow up . . . yet the coat was only smouldering."

"A Pretty Good Test," as the officer, in sending the coat for repairs, concludes. No wonder he says "I am most impressed by the coat as an article of warm clothing and by its fireproof qualities."

(We cannot publish the officer's name or ship, but the original letter can be produced among many other testimonials at our office.)

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The Vitabuoy in appearance is simply a smartly cut service great-coat in a two fold Egyptian Navy Cotton Gabardine, triple prooted but interlined with a new material called "Tropical," which is four times warmer than wool and only one quarter the weight. The lining is distributed and anchored into the coat on scientific principles, ensuring that the coat will support in water five times the weight of an average man for at least 72 hours.

Sizes: Small, Medium and Large, 6 Gns. Plus Purchase Tax, 12/6. Hood (if required) 17/6 extra. Plus Purchase Tax, 3/6. POST FREE.

Obtainable at all leading Naval Outfitters, all Austin Reed's branches and principal stores throughout the country, or direct from the Manufacturers:

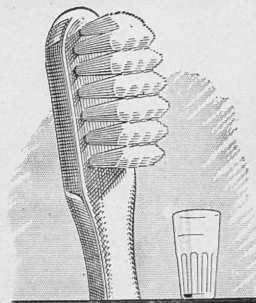
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Send remittance as above, and state height and chest measurements.

Place your order NOW—Stocks are getting low.

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You ask what sort of tooth-brush you ought to use?

A Tek, of course

You say you don't want to be bothered with all sorts of shapes, sizes and prices?

You needn't. Tek took all the worry out of toothbrush-buying long ago.

They found the one perfect size that would reach every corner and crevice of your teeth.

92 dentists out of every 100 consulted said Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made.

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Well, that's just part of the war. But if you try hard you'll succeed.

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Eclipse Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are scarcer than usual, but persistence in seeking them is rewarded with gratifying keenness and comfort in shaving.

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Fine flying weather...

Above, in the summer sky, the scarlet kite, abandoning its downward plunges, soars steadily upwards, borne by a wind of a strength unguessed-at here below.

But this is in a London Park—*what about the balloon barrage? What about the ban on kites?* And these children—*should they not be in some safer area now?*

Ah, but they are citizens of the world after the War. Happy children—flying kites. And on the roads—happy motorists. Many of them driving the new cars that the Standard Motor Company will build for the post-war world...!



The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry



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